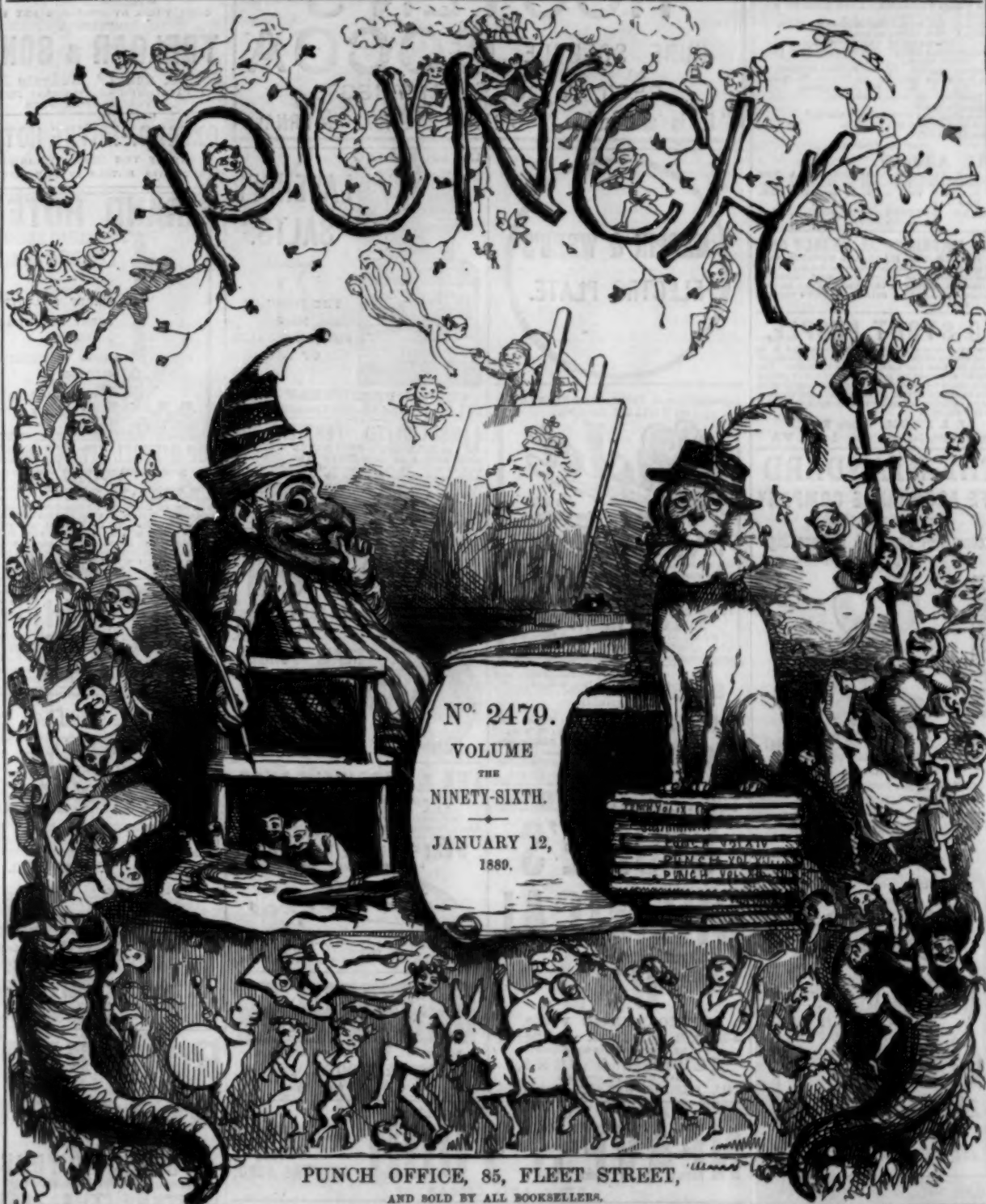


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THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"YOU CAN'T GO HOME WHEN IT'S RAINING LIKE THIS. YOU'D BETTER STAY AND HAVE DINNER WITH US!"—"OH, IT'S NOT QUITE SO BAD AS THAT!"

A PROTEST.

[There is talk in Germany of a Crusade against Socks and Stockings, as unhealthy, and a hindrance to marching.]

ABOLISH Stockings,—and at Santa Claus' time?—

The proposition really is too shocking.

Think what we'll lose in prettiness and pastime

If we discard the stocking!

Fancy how much Society owes to hose,

Soft-woven, trimly drawn with handsome "clocking."

No, they are trade's worst friends, and taste's worst foes,

Who rob us of the stocking.

LEIGHTON himself, though he paints feet—such loves!—

In beauteous bareness, might esteem *this* mocking;

Is 't not proposed now to divide, like gloves,

The five-toed Stocking?

Abolish it? Society to its base

At such a fundamental change seems rocking,

A bas les bas! Nay, there's at least one race

Won't sacrifice the Stocking.

The Teuton is a Titan in his way,

But his rough tastes for BISMARCK, bullying, "bock"-ing

Don't qualify him in his bearish play

To supersede the Stocking.

No, pretty girl and *bas-bleus*, artists, lovers,

In the defence of hosen will come flocking.

They will not lose that daintiest of foot covers—

The sex's Silken Stocking.

"MYLES AHEAD OF 'EM ALL!"—In spite of fog, frost, Railway Commissions, and troubles, somebody's railway lines do fall in pleasant places at the commencement of the year; and in the L. and S.E. district we read of "Nods and becks and wreathed SIR MYLES." Who is to be tomorrow Knight? And what is the L. C. & D. Chairman to be made? A Baronet, nothing less.

"Follow the Flag!"

QUITE so, dear ROSEBERRY; 'tis a glorious rag;

Enthusiasm, though, must stand *expense*.

If hearts determine to defend the flag,

Exchequers must not flag in its defence.

DRILL AND DROLLERY.

In *Infantry Drill, as Revised by Her Majesty's Command, 1889*, just published, there is much new and interesting matter. According to the Army Order introducing the work, signed by "WOLSELEY, A.G., by command of His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief," the Regulations now promulgated "are based on the principle of demanding great exactitude in the simplified movements still retained for drill, while conceding the utmost latitude to all Commanders, of however small a unit, in manœuvre. The first must be carried out literally, the second must be observed in the spirit more than the letter." As to the "simplified movements still retained for drill," they seem to be quite as numerous as ever they were, and, in spite of their "simplicity," appear to be just as likely to puzzle the sucking subaltern in the present and the future as they were wont to do in the past. The "utmost latitude" matter, however, is something new, and introduces a novel principle into army organisation.

Under the heading of "Manœuvres," the compilers of the new book have a great deal to say on the subject of tactics, and explain everything to TOMMY ATKINS most carefully. For instance, a sentry has no less than fourteen duties assigned to him, which are set forth at length. One of them is suggestive of the order given to the younger members of a family when permitted to "come down to dessert;" it runs as follows:—"His duty is to see and listen, without being seen or heard; and to report the result of his observations," the latter part, no doubt (in the case of infantry) being added by an inquisitive nurse.

Another "duty" is to learn "the names of villages, rivers, &c., in view; and the places to which roads and railways lead," which is rather suggestive of a School Board standard in Geography. The Authorities seem to fear that the sentry may become too polite and amiable (which, of course, would be unprofessional, as things military are never civil), and consequently publish for his guidance the rule, "he is to pay no compliments, nor allow anyone to distract his attention." The last regulation (which amply proves that the idea of "conceding the utmost latitude" to the smallest unit is to be carried out with the greatest possible

generosity) runs as follows:—"If attacked, he should defend himself by firing or using his bayonet, as circumstances may require."

Perhaps this "utmost latitude" has been carried rather too far in the compilation of the book itself. In dealing with "Flags of Truce" (page 232), the authors suggest "that a smart officer, conversant with the enemy's language, and of a cheerful disposition, should be selected." Surely this should have been amplified by showing how the officer should be smart, linguistic, and cheerful. To supply the omission, we give a few regulations, that can be incorporated in the next edition.

Duties of Officers Carrying Flags of Truce.

1. On reaching the enemy's lines, he shall take ten paces to his front, laugh heartily, to denote that he is of a cheerful disposition, and observe, *Bong jaw, jer swee onchawntay der voo vaw, voolesy voo preenny ung drink?*

2. He then may ask a riddle, and, if possible, should stand upon his head, or perform some other feat of skill calculated to impress the enemy with a sense of his liveliness.

3. If brought before the enemy's Commander-in-Chief, he should approach him by the side (or closing) step, and thump him suddenly on his back when his attention is attracted in another direction.

4. He should, when ordered for instant execution, if possible, escape, with the assistance of the paraphernalia of the vanishing lady illusion—a trick with which he should have made himself thoroughly familiar before entering upon his hazardous undertaking.

The compilers themselves seem to be of a "cheerful disposition," as they suggest to the officer bearing the flag of truce, and his trumpeter, that "they should not retire until satisfied, *after being persistently fired at*, that they have been seen by the enemy, and that he will not receive them." This touch of waggery proves the whole world (inclusive of "GEORGE, Ranger," and "WOLSELEY") kin!

To sum up, *Infantry Drill* will be found as amusing in times of peace as it is to be hoped it will prove as valuable in the hour of war. As the Adjutant-General and His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief would no doubt humorously observe, as a proof of their "cheerful disposition," "It is a Red Book that should be read."

MARIUS-SHAW AMIDST THE RUINS OF LONDON.

A VISION OF A POSSIBLE FUTURE.



A VISION—yes, but it should seem
A dream which is not all a dream.
Our firemen are no dreamers;
But this may come if we're so rash
As stint them of support and cash,
And fire-escapes, and steamers.

Our MARIUS warns us in good time,
And not to heed him were a crime.
For which the town would suffer.
The Citizen who would not aid
SHAW and his gallant Fire Brigade
Must be an arrant duffer.

Let every man read SHAW's Report;
'Twill give him knowledge of a sort
That wisdom will find well met.
London's Palladium it must strike
The slowest wit is wondrous like
A Fireman's brazen helmet.

And if the time should come, oh Cits!
When SHAW, another MARIUS, sits
'Midst London's blackened cinders,
You will not dare to blame him much,
For it is really he who such
A consummation hinders.

THE Sugar Syndicate appears to have collapsed. Is this because the Promoters have been in want of a Lump Sum?

MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

WE have before mentioned Dr. MACKENZIE's coming work, *Jubal's Lyre*, about which there are naturally many stories. *JUBAL'S LYRE* was the biggest Lyre anywhere in ancient times. Its notes were all false, it was such a Lyre. A fragment of one of the principal songs we are enabled to give to the public, though warning them that we have it straight from *JUBAL'S LYRE*, and therefore the information must be taken *cum grano*—

SOLO.

Oh, had I *JUBAL'S LYRE*,
Or *TUBAL'S* big bassoon,
If either I could hire
Just for an afternoon,
I'd play such lively measures,
The neighbours all would cease

Their business or their pleasures,
And send for the police.
I have no coin to hire—
To neighbours 'tis a boon—
Our old friend *JUBAL'S LYRE*,
Nor *TUBAL'S* big bassoon.

OLD SAW RE-SET FOR ENGLISH PUBLISHERS OF CHRISTMAS CARDS, &c.—“They manage these things much better in—Germany.”

FROM NORTHERN LATITUDES.—The Colonel's Fancy Dress Ball at the Métropole, last Friday, was a grand affair. The guests danced and supped at keep-it-up-all-night-rate.

SHAKSPEARE IN TOWN.



A NIGHT WI' MACBETH.

MACBETH's character is defined in his wife's taunt, 'infirm of purpose.' She knew him; and all that he lacked she possessed, and much more besides. Mr. IRVING's *Macbeth* is, as it seems to me, admirable. There is only one point where I am sure he is wrong, and that is at the very outset of his stage career—I mean, when he first enters. Instead of marching on as the victorious Chieftain, to whom any achievement *vi et armis* is possible, he comes on as though he were brooding over a defeat.

His first few words should be delivered in a cheery tone to *Banquo*, "So foul and fair a day I ne'er have met." This is the grim pleasantry of a Scotchman on the state of the weather, which is more than usually "soft," even for Scotland. His wife has told him he ought to be this, he ought to be that, and so forth, and he has begun to think that prowess such as his could achieve anything. But to murder *Duncan*—to knock the King on his head for the sake of his crown—this has never crossed his brain until the three Witches—out for a lark, mind you, and disobeying *Hecate's* orders—suggest it to him. But *Macbeth* has a great personal hair of the old King's and disobeys *Hecate's* orders—suggest it to him. But *Macbeth* has a great personal criminal procedure."

regard for *Duncan*, and, if it hadn't been for his wife, he would not have hurt a hair of the old King's head, though he might have managed to pick a quarrel with *Malcolm* and *Donaldbain*, and have settled the pair of them in fair and open combat; and, indeed, to settle the Prince of Cumberland is the first step that occurs to muddle-headed *Macbeth* at this early stage of his "criminal procedure."

A propos of the Witches, why is *Hecate's* scene in the Third Act omitted? In this the Queen of the Witches gives *Macbeth's* character as "a wayward son, spiteful and wrathful" and then she foreshadows what by pre-arrangement the answers of the Spirits in the Cauldron Scene are to be, and how they are to urge this "wayward son," this man "infirm of purpose," to be "bloody, bold and resolute;" to assure him beyond doubt of his bearing a charmed life, and so to make him "spurn fate" and "scorn death." If he were "bloody, bold and resolute" by nature, to what end do the Witches take all this trouble to make him so? No: *Macbeth* is just what Mr. IRVING shows him to be, what his dence of a wife and *Hecate* know him to be, and, in my humble opinion, what SHAKSPEARE meant him to be.

Miss ELLEN TERRY's reasoning about her impersonation of *Lady Macbeth* seems to me to have been this:—"The grim gaunt female, the awful Tragedy Queen with whom we have been accustomed to associate *Lady Macbeth*, could never have been the woman to whom *Macbeth* was so devoted that he writes to her whenever he has a moment's leisure, a letter, not of commonplaces, but revealing the innermost thoughts of his heart, and whom in his most playful moments, when trying to resemble her in making his murderous design under a gay aspect, he styles 'dearest chuck.' Surely an interiorly fixed, firm, and deadly purpose is compatible with a fascinating exterior; if not, what becomes of our historic traitresses and murderesses, our DELILAHs, LUCRETIAS, our Marchioness de BRIEUVILLIERS, and many



Is this the Wicked Uncle dragging away one of the Babes to be killed? No, it is only *Macbeth* bringing on Sir Arthur Sullivan to receive the congratulations of the Audience.

practical joke, and determined to run away with the man she loves, by way of a little practical joke on her own account.

Mr. VOLLATRE did justice to *Justice Shallow*. But the life and soul of these low-comedy scenes, entering thoroughly into the spirit of it all, was that thorough Shakspearian droll, Mr. LIONEL BROUGH. As *Mine Host* of "The Garter" he is simply inimitable. The Play, as performed at the Haymarket, is well worth seeing, if only on account of LIONEL BROUGH's *Mine Host*, and the thoroughly "merry" *Mistress Page* of Miss ROSE LECLERQ.



The Beer-barrel Tree.

And last, but certainly not least, when padding is taken into consideration, is Mr. TREE's *Falstaff*. In everything that Mr. TREE has hitherto undertaken there is evidence of considerable care and cleverness. To play *Captain Swift* by night and *Falstaff* by day is a memorable feat in histrionics. In the one, nature assists art, in the other, the actor has to rely upon his art alone, for nature is dead against him. That, in the process of evolution, he may extricate himself from the costumier's upholstery of padding, release himself

from various other difficulties of his own creation, and become at some future time the second-rate *Falstaff* that SHAKESPEARE drew in this second-rate comedy, I am not in a position to deny; but that he is not even this second-rate *Falstaff* at the present moment I can conscientiously assert. Mr. TREE is no more physically fitted for *Falstaff* than he is for Hercules, and, keen as may be his perception of the humour of the fat old reprobate, he gives no evidence of it from the first scene to the last of his impersonation. Of course it interests all playgoers, as a matter of curiosity, to see what thin, adroit, quiet Mr. TREE will make of fat, broad, boisterous *Falstaff*. In the incongruity of the impersonation lies its chief attraction.

Then, as to costume, why did not he adopt the perfect and picturesque costume designed by JOHN TENNIEL for MARK LEMON when he appeared in the part? As far as appearance went, MARK LEMON was a model *Falstaff*, whereas Mr. TREE's *Falstaff* looks like an obese, weak-kneed, overgrown Pantaloon.

I very much doubt whether there be anyone now on the stage who can play *Falstaff*, for if an actor be physically unfitted for the part, the necessity for padding, and the assumption of a hoarse sack-and-fog voice, and of a roar instead of a laugh to match, are enough to stifle any really humorous conception. At present Mr. TREE doesn't give himself a chance, so I must give him one, and see him again.

JACK IN THE BOX.

AN "EVENING OUT;" OR, SOCIAL GOSSIP À LA MODE.

ONE of the most pleasant and startling parties which has been given during the present winter season took place on Tuesday evening last at the charming residence of Mrs. G. W. SMITHKINS, at Polydore Gardens. The rooms which had been tastefully decorated with a dozen penny coloured lamps presented a most *recherché* and fascinating appearance, and everything, from the taking of the hats by the disguised Greengrocer down to the music which was supplied by an itinerant street Cornet, was provided for on that scale of luxurious abandon for which the delightful premises in question are so well-known. The place was crowded with pretty faces, and the dresses of some of the smart people who came in shoals were quite remarkable.

Mrs. BOLDERINO, in a damson *redingote*, trimmed with pompons of *pommes de terre au naturel* looked majestic, accompanied by her charming daughter whose sympathetic simper was tastefully set off by a tea-green calico *Directoire* gown, *chiffonné* with *Pompadours aux points d'Asperges*. Mrs. OTTO VON STUMP was dressed in a yellow cotton velvet brocade, relieved by *dentelles d'imitation de Norwiche*, and from head to foot literally blazed with paste. Miss WITHERSKIN wore a simple arrangement of white *tulle*, but with her magnificent auburn wig and *parure* of sham emeralds, she created quite a flutter of admiring consternation wherever she went.

Much of the success of the entertainment was due to the indefatigable efforts of the amiable host, who, in a suit of dress clothes hired for the evening, was specially active in the supper-room in his endeavours to induce his guests to swallow the champagne provided for the occasion, which was "Jorson & Co.'s *Cuvée Réserve*, 1888," and cost twenty shillings a dozen.

The feature of the evening was, however, unquestionably the *cotillon*, and the evidently pleasurable surprise evinced by all on the production of the presents, which consisted of cooked-hats for the gentlemen and fans for the ladies, made from back numbers of the *Daily Telegraph*, must have more than satisfied the genial hostess that she had succeeded in not only amusing but in fairly astonishing her guests. The somewhat familiar attentions of a drunken link-man, who volunteered his services at the conclusion of the party, invested the departure from it with a lively character, that cannot fail to have impressed the minds of the invited with the fact that they had assisted at an altogether unique and exceptional entertainment.

Q. E. D.

MORE Naval Demonstrations? Rival canals
Should hush, and rival squabblers cry *peccavi*!
The Naval Demonstration England wants,
Is demonstration that she has a Navy.

A LAST WORD.

"By Jove," Sir ROBERT shouts in wrath, "thus calmly you insult us!
Well, mark me, though a MORIER, *non moriar inultus*!"

ALL ROUND MY HAT.

(By a Sufferer.)

TAKE it in front,
in rear, askew,
Perspectively,
by bird's-eye
view,
Afar or near,
It really matters
not a jot,
'Tis an abortion
and a blot,
A shape of
fear,
Incarnate ugliness,
bald,
tasteless, flat,
My stove-pipe
hat!

A rigid cylinder
that engirds
My cranium
close and heats,
and hurts
My head most
frightfully.
It cuts, it chafes, it raises lumps,
Each vein beneath it throbs and thumps
Fiercely and spitefully.
An Incubus of woe, and yet I wear it
And grin and bear it.



Its pipy structure, black and hollow,
Would make a guy of bright Apollo,
Clapt on his crown.
It takes one's top-locks clean away,
And turns the scanty remnant grey,
Once thick and brown.
And oh! how terrible its torrid tether
In sultry weather!
Ever the same, though fashion's whim
Wide-bell the body, curl the brim,
Or more or less;
Play little tricks with shape or size,
And Yankee or Quakerise
Design or dress, [or that,
Long, short, broad, narrow, curled this way
'Tis still a hat!
Comfort? Had Tantalus once been tiled
At other torments he had smiled.
Pray don't suppose
Adjusted with posterior rake,
Or tilted till the brim shall take
Bark from your nose,
Perched jauntily aside which way you please,
'Twill give you ease.
Tight-jammed 'tis apoplexy, loose
'Tis wind-dislodged and you a goose
In muddy chase.
Direct negation altogether,
At any time, in any weather,
Of ease and grace
Is that curst aggravation of man's lot,
The Chimney-Pot!

Mad as a hatter? Pooh, what's that?
Mad as the wearer of a hat
Conveys some meaning,
As any victim can avouch.
The three hats on a Houndsditch smouth
Like Pisa leaning
Is the most subtle satire on the insanity
Of tiled humanity.

ATTENTION!—Our cavalry establishment appears to be in a tolerably lively and hopeful condition, there being several thousand horses short of the required number, and as a consequence, six or seven regiments able to show a muster-roll of at least two or three hundred troopers apiece who have provided for them no mounts whatever. In this dilemma the Authorities appear to have applied to a tramcar company, but whether with a view to utilising the vehicles or the horses,—the former would seem the more likely under the circumstances,—is not distinctly stated. It would be interesting to follow the drill of a horseless trooper. What does he do? Mount behind a comrade as a sort of reserve,—or what? Yet it must be clear that a lancer on foot, in a real battle, would be very much at sea! Talk of manoeuvres for "Mounted Infantry," indeed! What evidently is wanted is a field handbook for the instruction of our "Dismounted Cavalry!"



LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'INSTRUIT.

(Mrs. Professor Borax at Home. Conversazione.)

Young Masham (to Hostess). "A—A—HOW D'YE DO?—A"—(glances round the room)—"A—M—A—GOOD-BYE!"

[Exit.]

IS IT PEACE?

"It is with the greatest satisfaction that I state my belief that for this year also peace is assured."—*King Humbert at the Quirinal on New Year's Day.* "I... hope that with this alliance (of the Central European Powers), and in view of the fact that there is now no State in Europe which absolutely desires war, we shall succeed in preserving this year also the blessings of peace."—*M. Tisza, to the Liberal Party in the Hungarian Diet, on January 1.*

PEACE! Is it Peace? The New Year chimes
Ring mellow music round the earth.
'Midst Party strife, class feuds, foul crimes,
The Peoples snatch some hours for mirth;
And hand meets hand in greeting glad,
Princes and Premiers smile and glose;
And who so sour, so cynic-sad,
As seek the thorns beneath the rose?
Yet who is it that meets us here
Upon the threshold of the year?

Peace! Know we not that placid face,
Those flowing robes, those trailing wings?
Is it not she whose gentle grace
The Monarch lauds, the Minstrel sings?
Credentials hers from Court and Camp:
The firm and faithful friend of all.
Who hears the legions' mailed tramp?
The music of her soft footfall
Drowns in men's ears the war-hosts' hum,
The blare of trump, the throb of drum.

Who loves her not, who doth not laud?
Truculent Kaiser, braggart Chief,
All bow before her, and applaud
The bearer of the olive leaf.

The very ravens chorus loud
In praise of her snow-plumaged dove.
Sweet Peace! She must be truly proud
Of such strong proofs of general love.
Potentates pass, and statesmen stray,
But hers is undisputed sway.

Look closer! In one forward hand
She holdeth forth the olive wreath,
But—is 't Bellona's biting brand
The other grips, though set in sheath?
And those white wings, their plumes a-point,
Look lethal at a nearer view.
Surely the times are out of joint,
Surely men's aims are all askew,
When she, who boasts such conquering charms,
Like other conquerors, takes to arms.

Not shepherd DAVID's sling and stone,
But grim GOLIATH's panoply
The form, the raiment seem her own;
But sure her best-loved bird might flee
From that soft hand set to the hilt,
Those pinions so unlike the dove's.
Whose is the burden, whose the guilt,
That Peace, whom every Emperor loves—
In perorations—fronts our eyes
In so equivocal a guise?

Do they equip her thus, her friends
Who sing her praise in strains so loud?
Whither is it her way she wends,
With face so pale and step so proud?
What friend is it of hers who thinks
To mail her as for stricken fields?
When, like TARPEIA, down she sinks
Crushed by the burden of your shields,
Then will your hollow peans cease,
Loud hymnners of an armed Peace?

MEMS. FOR A COUNTY COUNCILLOR.

1. To make it quite plain in my Manifesto—
A—That I have nothing particular to do,
and am a personage of independent
means, and, consequently, of some social
importance. B—That I have never had
a relative in the Vestry. C—Nor had
any dealings with the Board of Works.
D—And that my wife is second cousin
twice removed to Lord FOODLE.
2. To buy some cheap popular handbook
dealing with the Poor Law and that sort of
thing, and endeavour to make head or tail
of it.
3. To have a ride somewhere on a steam-
roller, and try and pick up something about
it from the stoker.
4. To visit the Workhouse, get a lot of
statistics from the Master, and a recipe for
making water-gruel.
5. To go in for understanding "Drainage,"
and perhaps ask the Sanitary Inspector to lunch.
6. To get up the "Coal Dues," have them
at my fingers' ends, and be in a position to floor
the other side when I have made up my mind
which one I am going to take myself.
7. To acquaint myself with the law as it
relates to the "Freeholder" and "Lease-
holder," and, when I have mastered the sub-
ject, toss up to see which I mean to go for.
8. To take private lessons in Elocution,
with a view to future performances on the
public platform; and meantime to comport
myself with dignity, urbanity, and a general
condescension of manner, as befits the status
and character of a candidate for the position
of a London County Councillor.



PEACE (P). 1889.

"— WITH A HAND AGAINST THE HILT,
WILL PACE THE TROUBLED LAND—LIKE PEACE"—TENNYSON.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY



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THE GRAND OLD "MANDOLINIST."



AIR—"Mandolinata."

Oh, this is really prime!
My soul it buoys and braces.
Ah, tinkle-tum-tink!
I verily think

'Tis better than "Camp Town Races."

The Banjo, after all,
With the Mandolin's not in it.
Ri-tootle-tum tay!
I've mastered the way,
Or shall do in a minute.

Though Irish songs of late
Have been my vocal staples,
'Tis fun to essay
An Italian lay

By the beautiful Bay of Naples.

'Tis chilly, of course, but dull,
For the Irish Vote to angle.

'Tis much better sport
Naples' charmers to court,
With the Mandolin's soft twingle-twangle.

A Bella di Napoli

Is not a Hibernian beauty,
But to serenade
An Italian maid

Is a change from more arduous duty.

To thrum Ould Erin's harp
My business may be to-morrow;
Meanwhile I may win
From the sweet Mandolin
Some present relief from sorrow.

My fingering's really fine,
Rum-tinkle-tum-tinkle-tinkle!
Italian eyes

Are quite a surprise,
Like the stars in their skies they twinkle.

"See Naples and die," they say;
But that is irrelevant—very.

'Tis late to begin
On the Mandolin,
But at least I may rest and make merry.

OLD MASTERS' COLLECTION ROYAL ACADEMY
WINTER SHOW.—A sporting farmer came out
of Burlington House very wroth. He de-
manded his shilling back again. "Pictures
of Old Masters!" he exclaimed, "why there
isn't a single picture of any Old Master
as I've ever heard of! There isn't even an
Old Master of Harriers among 'em!"

RECORD OF THE LAST DAY OF 1888 IN
LONDON.—"Black Monday." Impenetrable
Fog.

TO A MALE SCOLD.

OH! GOLDWIN SMITH, great GOLDWIN SMITH,
Who set such store by manly pith,
You have a most effeminate fashion
Of getting in a towering passion!
Your last attack's a regular rough rage
Excited by that Female Suffrage
Which SALISBURY, a solid person,
Can look without a shriek or curse on.
I seem to see your angry jaw set
Against the pleas of Mrs. FAWCETT.
You will not yield to she-seductions,
But set your back up, and raise ructions.
But, gracious goodness, GOLDWIN, you
Are *always* in a phillaloo.
Since you took quarters with the Yankee,
Your temper has been getting cranky;
You bounce, and flounce, and pounce, and
trounce,
Almost all men—and things—denounce.
You're always game to "drink up Esil;"
GLADSTONE was bad enough, but CECIL
Is really worse, so far to dote,
As to espouse the Female Vote.
It may, or it may not, a hold win
Upon the land, but oh! my GOLDWIN,
Your tantrums—there's no other word—
Are just a trifle too absurd.
The way in which you whirl and twirl
Reminds one of an angry girl;
Not of a man composed and bold.
Women you flout?—then do not scold;
For that is quite a woman's way,
And imitating her won't pay.
It surely is not wise for you,
Great virile sage, to play the shrew.
'Twill spike your guns, silence your battery;
For imitation is mere flattery.
So GOODY—I mean GOLDWIN—please
To moderate your ecstasies
Of anger, lest the feebler sex,
Whose aims your manly soul so vex,
Should think you share—wildest of notions!—
Their "irresponsible emotions."

THE HORRORS OF EVICTION.

WE are sometimes assured that the heart-
rending accounts we read of the scenes that
take place at Irish evictions are purposely
exaggerated. But a report, furnished a few
days since to the *Daily Telegraph* by one
of its correspondents, has an indubitable ring
of truth about it, while it contains one para-
graph in particular which no Englishman, be
he Unionist or Separatist, can read without
a blush of shame, a tingling wonder that
such things can be. The eviction occurred
on the Olphert estate, at a place called (not
inappropriately) Bedlam, and, in attempting
to overcome the gallant tenant, we are told
that a Policeman was injured by a pitchfork
in the lip and leg. This is as it should be—
but mark what follows:—"The ugliest wound
he received," says the telegram calmly, "was
a gash on the back of the head, which, it was
asserted, was thrown at the inmates of the
house by an Emergency Man, a view shared
by the Police." Will not Dr. TANNER or
Mr. CONYBEARE demand the name of that
Emergency Man when the House reassembles
for its duties? Are Emergency Men to be
permitted to throw "ugly wounds," or
"gashes," or even "the backs of their
heads" at the devoted inmates of Irish home-
steads with impunity?—and is this a view
shared by that "effeminate Nero," Mr. BAL-
FOUR, as well as by the Police? The country
has a right to know whether such things are
done, and will continue to be done in its
name. Mr. Punch is very sure that neither
NICHOLAS of Russia, nor King BOMBA himself,
was ever guilty of such incredible atrocities,
and he still hopes that the account may prove
to be inaccurate in some of its details.



"IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?"

Doctor. "AND WHAT IS YOUR OCCUPATION?"

Rustic Patient. "I'M A MARRIED MAN, SIR,—I'M——!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THOUGH the sketches from *A Tour through Holland and Germany*, by Messrs. MAHAFFY AND ROGERS, and brought out by Messrs. MACMILLAN, are not within measurable distance of Messrs. BROUGHTON AND ABBEY's tour in Dutchland—which was full of Broughton-and-"Abbey Thoughts"—yet it is an interesting book, if not a particularly amusing one. Mr. LOFTIE's *Kensington*, published by FIELD AND TURNER, is a charming work. It is the Queen's Christmas book par excellence, for on the first page I read, "By Command!" and "Dedicated to Her Majesty the QUEEN," which are indeed LOFTIE phrases. Would that the historian had not been so intensely serious, or that the QUEEN had seen fit to "command" some light comedy pen and pencil to assist Mr. LOFTIE in his work. A little 'umble wit and light-heartedness would have relieved the letterpress of its dry guide-book tone. Instead of *Kensington*, by LOFTIE only, I should have liked to have seen *Kensington*, by Loftie and Lowly. Then, as the acrobats used to express it, we should have had an entertainment of "ground and lofty tumbling."

I don't particularly care for *Lady Bluebeard*—not the book itself (BLACKWOOD), but the lady who flits through Persia and its pages, and gives the story its name. The author is apparently genuinely in love with her; but she strikes one who has never looked into her "sad grey eyes," or "kissed her in the moonlight just before we sighted Bombay," as a trifle ill-bred, and disagreeably self-conscious. Bear with the heroine, and the rest of the book is delightful—not in quite a new way, because it recalls *Eothen*, but in a combination of new ways, because, with memories of KINGLAKE before he took to history, there are in the book flashing touches reminiscent of GEORGE MEREDITH. The scenes are fresh, and described with skilful pen. Bagdad, Bussora, Bushire, the Persian Gulf, the Gulf of Oman, Muscat, and so on to Bombay, sighted under the soothing circumstances already noted. After Bombay, Baroda is visited, and in the description of the *fêtes* given by the GAKKWAR the anonymous author equals any chapter in *Eothen*. Apart from pictures of unfamiliar tracks on the way to India, the pages sparkle with shrewd observation and quaint conceits. The book is accredited to "the Author of *Zit and Zoe*," a little story reprinted from *Blackwood* two or three years ago, which made its mark as something really fresh. *Lady Bluebeard* is better still. BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

LOWERING THE STANDARD.

IN the New Year's Day Number of the *Standard* there appeared a remarkable article on the English Drama in general, and the Shakspearian revival of *Macbeth* in particular, worthy of the good old Gamp and Harris days, but not quite up to the *Standard* of more recent date. From among the number of clever things written by this anonymous genius, we quote the following superb passage:—

"If SHAKSPEARE'S *Macbeth* is not like Mr. IRVING'S, so much the worse for SHAKSPEARE'S *Macbeth*; and if we cannot conceive *Lady Macbeth* having been such as Miss ELLEN TERRY represents her, whose fault is that?"

"So much the worse for SHAKSPEARE'S *Macbeth*!" In old days Mrs. Gamp would have chuckled over this, and exclaimed, admiringly, "Why, drat the bragian boldness of the boy!"

A little further on, this genius, who clearly knows all about the stage, states his opinion that could SHAKSPEARE have foreseen the triumphs of HENRY IRVING and ELLEN TERRY, he would have written *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth* to suit their "special gifts."

Then he says, speaking evidently from his own personal and peculiar knowledge—

"Why, what is the very basis, system, method, and almost universal practice of play-writing for the English stage? Does a dramatist conceive and write his play, and then take it to a Manager and say, 'There is my piece; please act it?' No doubt some persons are so unsophisticated as to do so; but they are soon undeceived as to the chances of its being produced. The very opposite process takes place. 'Write me a play,' says a Manager, 'and in it there must be a part for me, a part for so-and-so, another part for so-and-so, and then the rest of the piece may take care of itself.' In a word, the play is written to suit the physique, personality, peculiarities, and special gifts of the actor or actress; which saves the actor or actress a great deal of trouble, and ensures the production of the piece."

From the above quotations it will be at once seen what sort of a genius the writer of this article is. Clearly a disappointed Dramatist, one of The Rejected, who, with his blank-verse Tragedy in Five Acts under his arm, went to a Manager,—to any number of Managers, probably, one after the other,—and said, "There is my piece: please act it." To whom the Manager courteously replied, after a careful perusal of the first ten pages, "There is your play: please take it away."

No wonder this Rejected Dramatist speaks with so much intimate knowledge of how plays are produced, and speaks so feelingly on the "decline of the Drama," the Drama in question being his own, which was "declined with thanks." But can't this genius take heart of grace, give up the leader-writing (a great loss to the public, and some, perhaps, to himself), and write a Drama to suit HENRY and ELLEN, or a farce for JOHNNIE TOOLE, or a comedy for the KENDALLS, or a domestic drama for TERRY, or a melodrama to suit the "special gifts" of TERRIS and Miss NETHERSOLE, or a burlesque for the "special gifts" of ARTHUR ROBERTS and VANONI? Let him do any one, or all, of these,—he has only to call on the several Managers for orders, and we sincerely wish he may get them (as no doubt he will, of one sort, where the business is not particularly flourishing) and though we shall miss his contributions to the *Standard*, yet we shall console ourselves by knowing that the English stage will be in due time enriched by the work of a Dramatic Genius whose light had been so long hidden under a bushel of journalistic prose.

THE LATEST FROM EGYPT.—People are asking whether the Government intend to let the flame of rebellion die out at Suakin. Apparently not, for it seems they have again installed a *Kitchener* on the spot.



THE BIZZY-BODIES OF BERLIN.

- Bizzy Senior.* HERBERT, how goes it? Bravely, I'll be bound.
Bizzy Junior. If I'm a bull-dog, you're at least a terrier.
Bizzy Senior. Splendidly! I am snubbing them all round.
Bizzy Senior. The more the Morier—I mean the merrier!
Bizzy Senior. I see you are a chip of the old block.
Cologne Gazette. Haha! I'll make a note of that remark.
Bizzy Junior. Conventions diplomatic it may shock,
 But I, like my great sire, am stern and stark.
 Sir ROBERT's sharp stand-and-deliver fashion
 Must be rebuffed at once, that's very plain.
Cologne Gazette. Lovely! Sir ROBERT will be in a passion.
 Some use at last in that poor wretch, BARAINE!

- Bizzy Senior.* How did it come about, my gallant son?
Bizzy Junior. Oh! in the genuine old gossip's way—
 In "I says, he says, they said!" Splendid fun!
Bizzy Senior. Fancy Sir ROBERT caring what they say!
Cologne Gazette. Oh, yes, that's mighty fine; but without fuss,
 Lies, and thin skins, what would become of Us?

CELESTIAL POETRY.—A versified decree of toleration towards Missionaries proclaimed by the Chief Magistrate of Lu-ngan-Fu concludes with the following deep, if doggerel, couplet:—

"Each religion exhorts people to be good.
 The words of some are easy, of others difficult to be understood."

Reason and Rhyme.

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

December 17.—As I open my scribbling Diary I find the words "Oxford Michaelmas Term ends." Why this should induce me to indulge in retrospective I don't know, but it does. The last few



weeks of my Diary are of minimum interest. The breaking-off of the engagement between LUPIN and DAISY MUTLAR has made him a different being, and CARRIE a rather depressing companion. She was a little dull last Saturday, and I thought to cheer her up by reading some extracts from my Diary, but she walked out of the room in the middle of the reading without a word. On her return I said, "Did my Diary bore you, darling?" She replied, to my surprise, "I really wasn't listening, dear. I was obliged to leave to give instructions to the laundress. In consequence of some stuff she puts in the water, two more of LUPIN's coloured shirts have run, and he says he won't wear them." I said, "Everything is LUPIN."

It's all LUPIN, LUPIN, LUPIN. There was not a single button on my shirt yesterday, but I made no complaint. CARRIE simply replied, "You should do as all other men do, and wear studs. In fact I never saw anyone but you wear buttons on the shirt-fronts." I said, "I certainly wore none yesterday, for there were none on." Another thought that strikes me is that GOWING seldom calls in the evening, and CUMMINGS never does. I fear they don't get on well with LUPIN.

December 18.—Yesterday I was in a retrospective vein—to-day it is prospective. I see nothing but clouds, clouds, clouds. LUPIN is perfectly intolerable over the DAISY MUTLAR business. He won't say what is the cause of the breach. He is evidently condemning her conduct, and yet, if we venture to agree with him, says he won't hear a word against her. So what is one to do? Another thing which is disappointing to me is, that CARRIE and LUPIN take no interest whatever in my Diary. I broached the subject at the breakfast-table to-day. I said, "I was in hopes that, if anything ever happened to me, the Diary will be an endless source of pleasure to you both, to say nothing of the chance of the remuneration which may accrue from its being published." Both CARRIE and LUPIN burst out laughing. CARRIE was sorry for this, I could see, for she said, "I did not mean to be rude, dear CHARLIE, but truly I do not think your Diary would sufficiently interest the public, to be taken up by a publisher." I replied, "I am sure it would prove quite as interesting as some of the ridiculous reminiscences that have been published lately. Besides, it's the Diary that makes the man. Where would EVELYN and PEYS have been if it had not been for their Diaries?" CARRIE said I was quite a philosopher; but LUPIN, in a jeering tone, said, "If it had been written on larger paper, Guv, we might get a fair price from 'a buttermilk for it.'" As I am in the prospective vein, I vow the end of this year will see the end of my Diary.

December 19.—The annual invitation came to spend Christmas with CARRIE's mother. The usual family festive gathering to which we always look forward. LUPIN declined to go. I was astounded, and expressed my surprise and disgust. LUPIN then obliged us with the following radical speech:—"I hate a family gathering at Christmas. What does it mean? Why some one says, 'Ah, we miss poor Uncle JAMES who was here last year,' and we all begin to snivel. Someone else says, 'It's two years since poor Aunt LIZ used to sit in that corner.' Then we all begin to snivel again. Then another gloomy relation says, 'Ah, I wonder whose turn it will be next?' Then we all snivel again, and proceed to eat and drink too much, and they don't discover until I get up that we have been seated 13 at dinner."

December 20.—Went to SMIRKSON'S, the Drapers, in the Strand, who this year have turned out everything in the shop and devoted the whole place to the sale of Christmas Cards. Shop crowded with people, who seemed to take up the cards rather roughly, and after a hurried glance at them, throw them down again. I remarked to one of the young persons serving, that carelessness appeared to be a disease with some purchasers. The observation was scarcely out of my mouth, when my thick coat-sleeve caught against a large pile of expensive cards in boxes one on the top of the other, and threw them down. The manager came forward looking very much annoyed, and picking up several cards from the ground said to one of the assistants, with a palpable side-glance at me, "Put these amongst the sixpenny goods; they can't be sold for a shilling now." The result was, I felt it my duty to buy some of these damaged cards. I had to buy more and pay more than I intended. Unfortunately I did not examine them all, and when I got home I discovered a vulgar card with a picture of a fat nurse with two babies—one black and the other white, and the words, "We wish Pa a Merry Christmas." I tore up the card and threw it away. CARRIE said the great disadvantage of going out in Society and increasing the number of our friends was, that we should have to send out nearly two dozen cards this year.

December 21.—To save the postmen a miserable Christmas, we follow the example of all unselfish people, and send out our cards early. Most of the cards had finger-marks, which I did not notice at night. I shall buy all future cards in the daytime. LUPIN (who ever since he has had the appointment with a stock and share brokers, does not seem over-scrupulous in his dealings) told me never to rub out the pencilled price on the backs of the cards. I asked him why. LUPIN said, "Suppose your card is marked 9d. Well, all you have to do is to pencil a 3—and a long stroke after it—in front of the nine-pence, and people will think you have given five times the price for it." In the evening LUPIN was very low-spirited, and I reminded him that behind the clouds the sun was shining. He said, "Ugh! it never shines on me." I said, "Stop, LUPIN, my boy, you are worried about DAISY MUTLAR. Don't think of her any more. You ought to congratulate yourself on having got off a very bad bargain. Her notions are far too grand for our simple tastes." He jumped up and said, "I won't allow one word to be uttered against her. She's worth the whole bunch of your friends put together, that inflated, sloping-head of a PERKUPP included." I left the room with silent dignity, but caught my foot in the mat.

December 23.—I exchanged no words with LUPIN in the morning; but as he seemed to be in exuberant spirits in the evening, I ventured to ask him where he intended to spend his Christmas. He replied, "Oh, most likely at the MUTLARS." In wonderment I said, "What! after your engagement has been broken off?" LUPIN said, "Who said it is off?" I said, "You have given us both to understand—" He interrupted me by saying, "Well, never mind that! It is on again—there!"

ENGLISH SOCIETY AS SHE IS SEEN.

(Through Atlantic Mists.)

Now that the more respectable among English Dukes, and the bluer blood of English gentlemen, are finding brides in the United States, a keener interest in high life in this effete country is naturally circulating throughout the States. The *New York Tribune*, fortunate in the possession of a London Correspondent to whom no baronial gates are barred, takes the lead in supplying the demand for news in this department. "G. W. S." himself has contributed a series of articles on London Society and upon "The American Girl" as she flashes through it. "Royalty," writes this unconscious humorist, "is a caste apart. An intercourse with Royalty has, I admit, an etiquette of its own." That understood, "G. W. S." rams with patronising step through the inner circle of English Society both in town and country. Never, since CHARLES EDWARD HARRINGTON FITZROY YELLOWPLUSH laid down his pen, has so masterly an exposition of the greatness and the littleness of London Society been set forth in print. Like CHARLES EDWARD, "G. W. S." is too intimate with the "hupper sneekles" to think much of them.

"G. W. S.'s" latest contribution is supplemented by one from another hand. It lacks something of his lofty style, but displays all his intimate knowledge of the subject. "A Common-sense Duchess" is the heading of the article, which treats of a lady lately dead. "Ridiculous as it may seem to Republican readers," says this high authority,—

—"the Duchess was severely criticised for her habit of walking forth alone from her sombre mansion and calling a cab when in a hurry, instead of letting a half-hour go to waste while the cumbersome vehicle appropriate to her station should be made ready. The entire precinct was once thrown into a flutter by the report, doubtless correct, that she had personally entered the little bakery in St. James's Street, in which a postal agency was established, and had there purchased stamps and affixed them to her letters, precisely as one of the untitled multitude might have done."

Not was this all.

"In the winter of 1869 the sentinel who mounts guard over the palace wall of Cleveland Row had the opportunity of relieving his dreary routine by saving a child from being run over—a radical cab-horse from Pall Mall having so forgotten the proprieties as to break loose and endanger human life, as well as the drowsy tranquillity of that solemn region. A day or two later the Duchess was seen to stop and speak to the guardman, who was overcome by agitation that he could hardly hold his rifle steady. He would have faced the cannon's mouth with less trepidation than exchange ten words with this exalted Peeress."

This seems to have created a sensation equalled only by that with which the West End heard of the indiscretion in "the little bakery in St. James's Street." "The verdict of the austere middle-class throughout the neighbourhood was, that the Duchess had been reprehensibly unmaudlin of the dignity of the position, and that she would have done better to send the soldier half-a-crown by her footman." "And yet," exclaims the *New York Tribune*,—

—"there are people on both sides of the Atlantic who profess to wonder that the social sensibilities of Americans and Englishmen cannot at all points be brought into sympathetic and symmetrical accord."

There are, indeed.

CARLTON

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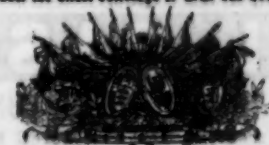
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Hemorrhoids, Bile, Loss of Appetite,
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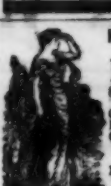
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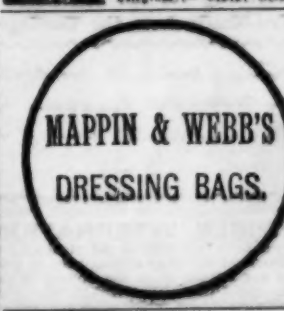
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For ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, HEARTBURN,
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100, BOND STREET, and all Chemists.

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The investigations of a German Physician, of deep
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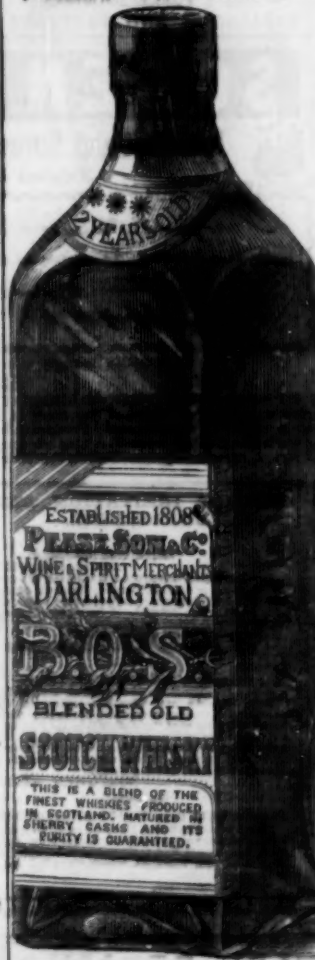
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BLENDED OLD SCOTCH.
An exquisite Blending—So harmonious in
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B.O.S. is remarkable for its "delicious
individuality of flavour," mellowness and
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Twelve Years Old 50s. per Dozen.
Eight " 45s.
Five " 42s.
Carriage Paid on Cases of 1 doz. and upwards.
B.O.S. is sold in square white bottles,
labelled and capsealed.
Cases charged 2s. per Dozen, allowed for
when returned, and 1s. per Dozen allowed
for empty B.O.S. bottles.
The Proprietors are skilled blenders of
Scotch Whiskies. So confident are they of
its appreciation by Connoisseurs, that they
will send a single Sample Bottle, Carriage
Paid, anywhere in the United Kingdom, for
4s. 2d., 2s. 6d., and 1s. 6d. respectively.

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DARLINGTON, DURHAM, ENGLAND.
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ESTABLISHED 1808.
Please mention "Punch."

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65 & 67, LUDGATE HILL,
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(ONLY ADDRESS.)

CATALOGUE AND PATTERNS FREE.



SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES

The Best and Surest Remedy for Diseases of the THROAT, CHEST, LUNGS, and STOMACH.

Extract in Fac-Simile from the Testimonial received from Sir Morrell Mackenzie—

I regard them as extremely valuable in Obstructed Catarrhal affections of the Throat. They are especially beneficial in Catarrhal diseases of the air-passages, and I have frequently found them of great service in the case of singers and public speakers.
2 September 1887
Jared Mackenzie
No 2, Bond

The ONLY Remedy which has been awarded the HIGHEST POSSIBLE DISTINCTION by the JURY OF MEDICAL EXPERTS at the

BRUSSELS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1888.

A FIRST-CLASS HOUSEHOLD REMEDY gained from the sale of the Medicinal Springs of Bath Soden in the Tonnus. They are Nature's Own Medicine, not imitated by any production of Pharmacy or the Laboratory. They contain neither poisonous drugs nor anodynes injurious to the constitution, and may therefore (to cite words written by the celebrated Professor JUSTUS VON LIEBIG about the Soden Waters) be prescribed by the Physician as a Remedy fit for every organisation, the weak and the irritable as well as the strongest. Dr. HERMANN WEBER, Physician to the German Hospital, London, in his work on the curative effects of Baths and Waters, particularly recommends the Soden Medicinal Waters, which are condensed in these Pastilles, in Cases of Bronchial Catarrh, even in those which are complicated with commencing consumption.

THROAT IRRITATION AND HOARSENESS.

435, Euston Road, S.W.
November 9th, 1887.

Gentlemen,—I have tried the Soden Mineral Pastilles in a case of Chronic Catarrh of the pharynx and larger respiratory tubes in an old lady with much benefit. I have also ordered them at the British Dispensary.

I am, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,
T. FRESTON LEWIS, M.D., M.R.C.S.

4, Ludgate Circus Buildings, London.
December 21st, 1887.

Dear Sir,—As one who has undergone the operation of tracheotomy, allow me to bear testimony to the value of the Soden Mineral Pastille, as they have given me wonderful relief. My advice, as one who has suffered with the throat a great deal, to those in any way so affected, is to give them a trial without delay.

Yours truly, J. HILL.

From the Right Rev. BISHOP RICHARDSON.
I have tried the Soden Mineral Pastilles which you have sent me, and find them excellent. Most clergymen would find their pulpit work aided by the use of your lozenges, which clear the voice most remarkably.
December 26th, 1887.

BRONCHITIS AND ASTHMA.

7, Lilybank Gardens, Hill Head, Glasgow.
Dear Sir,—I have used the box of Soden Pastilles you sent me some time ago, and am favourably impressed with the result. The case was one of Chronic bronchitis in an aged patient. There was a marked effect in assisting the solution of the cough expectation. They seem also to have a generally tonic effect, my patient remarking on the assistance to digestion which they afforded. Yours truly, (Signed) ALEX. FREW.

Rose Cottage, Wetherham, Welton Moorway.
Gentlemen,—Your lozenge I received when I was suffering from Indisposition, Bronchitis, and Asthma, and I have great pleasure in testifying of their great efficacy in the alleviation and removal of these troublesome affections. I shall have much pleasure in recommending them to my professional friends, as I have never had anything to relieve me so quickly. Yours faithfully, (Signed) F. CLARK, Surgeon, &c.
Jan. 19th, 1888. M.R.C.S., L.S.A., London.

Denby House, Denby Park, Bristol.
March 3rd, 1888.

Proprietors of the Soden Pastilles.
Sir,—I have derived benefit from these Pastilles in the case of a severe attack of Bronchitis, and declare that I have never found such benefit from using only three boxes in any other lozenge that I have tried. Your very grateful servant.
(Signed) H. O'HORNE.

COUGHS AND DIPHTHERIA.

Miss CURTIS, daughter of Sir Lucius Curtis, Hart, writes:—The Soden Mineral Pastilles are first-rate for coughs. I have derived immense benefit since taking them, and my cough is nearly well. Please send me another box.
November 26th, 1887. F. L. CURTIS.

Edwyn Ralph Rectory,
Bromyard, Worcester.

Dear Sir,—I have used with the greatest success the Soden Mineral Pastilles. My little boy, aged six and a half years, suffers much from swollen tonsils, which occasionally give rise to a most distressing cough, which is very exhausting. I found that your Pastilles gave him instantaneous relief. I am, faithfully yours,
(Signed) F. L. CHILDS-FREEMAN,
December 24th, 1887.

Abercainy, Orisk, N.B.
January 20th, 1888.

Dear Sir,—I have had four years' suffering from bronchial affection with trouble some cough, and from what I have already experienced of the box which I had a week ago, I have a great idea that I shall benefit very much from them.

Yours truly,
(Signed) F. HARDIE.

CATARRHS OF THE LUNGS AND DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

3, Weatherby Gardens, South Kensington,
March 22nd, 1888.
LORD KEANE has taken the Soden Mineral Pastilles when suffering from Catarrh of the Stomach. They completely cured him, and he can recommend them as the best Lozenges for Coughs, Bronchitis, and Catarrh of the Stomach.

15, Iron Market, Newcastle Staff,
December 20th, 1887.
Gentlemen,—My lungs being affected, and being under Dr. Hutton, he asked me to try some of your Pastilles which I have done, and I am pleased to inform you that I have found great relief from the few I have taken.
Yours respectfully,
(Signed) JOHN MERRITT.

15, Hampton Street, Birmingham.
March 20th, 1888.

Gentlemen,—Having purchased your Soden Pastilles, I at once obtained relief from a very serious catarrh. I also gave part of one dissolved in water to my child, three months old, allying a very troublesome cough, and giving it ease and comfort. I shall most strongly recommend them to all my friends. Yours very faithfully,
(Signed) J. C. WHATELEY, D.D.R.

See each box has Dr. W. STORLZENING'S signature and Our Trade Mark (Two Globes, Cross, and Crescent). Price 1s. 1d., or for 15 stamps, of SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES CO., 10, Dyer's Buildings, Holborn, London, E.C.

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MILD INDIAN CIGARS
of an exquisitely chosen flavor and delicate aroma.
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GOLD LEAF

NAVY CUT

The Perfection of Tobacco

BEST & SAFEST DETIERS

GOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS
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ELEGANT CRYSTAL
TOILET CASKET

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METALLIC BOX
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SAMPLE POST FREE